

Drone Corpse Aviator

Archspire

We have seen our enemy
In the retina on the hill we're made of
Peering through the many tortured minds of the imprisoned and the
Grim actions befallen unto them

We often become blinded
By the sheer eye wrenching
Defacing of the humans we look into

We have viewed remotely
Into the homes of every
Sycophantic birthing unit
They are regretless
And exempt of conscience
Performing tormenting
Repulsive procedures
Bereft of emotion
On all that remains of our youth
That sank from pride to dysentery
In the wake of the parasitic
Serpent hatching

With their hypnotic immunity
Execute the vile deed
Watch as they feed them
Hair skin teeth and cartilage
Digging deeper
Now we view the buried dead

We shall crawl
Into the marrow of their corpses
Make them fly and navigate them

With our weave of blackened liquid
We will wake the resting rotted
We will clear and light the path
Of all that have arrived before us
Through the sirens of the drifted
Vacant dreaming and awaiting
That lay dormant in the earth

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Within our weave
We hold a well of black liquid
And with it we will wake the rotted
From their resting fields
With our path now lit we can travel
To the aftermath of our captors entrance
Through the sirens of the drifted
That lay dreaming under the earth

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We shall crawl
Into the marrow of their corpses
Make them fly and navigate them
They will move and yell and fight again
But not from breathing
Not alive but ridden from their burrow
They will return
Taking to the air in droves of gliding carrion
Piloting the many flying
With the pull of tar in marrow
They will move and yell and fight again
But not from breathing
Not alive but ridden from the burrow
They will return
Lifted out of every monument
They put up in their honour
All the dead they buried
Now propelling in our flying pattern
They will move and yell and fight again
But not from breathing
Not alive but ridden from their burrow
They will return
Taking to the air in droves of gliding carrion
Piloting the many flying with the pull of tar in marrow

Shifting in formations
That are unknown to humans
We're blacking out the air
With decomposing gliders
We shall crawl
Into the marrow of their corpses
Make them fly and navigate them